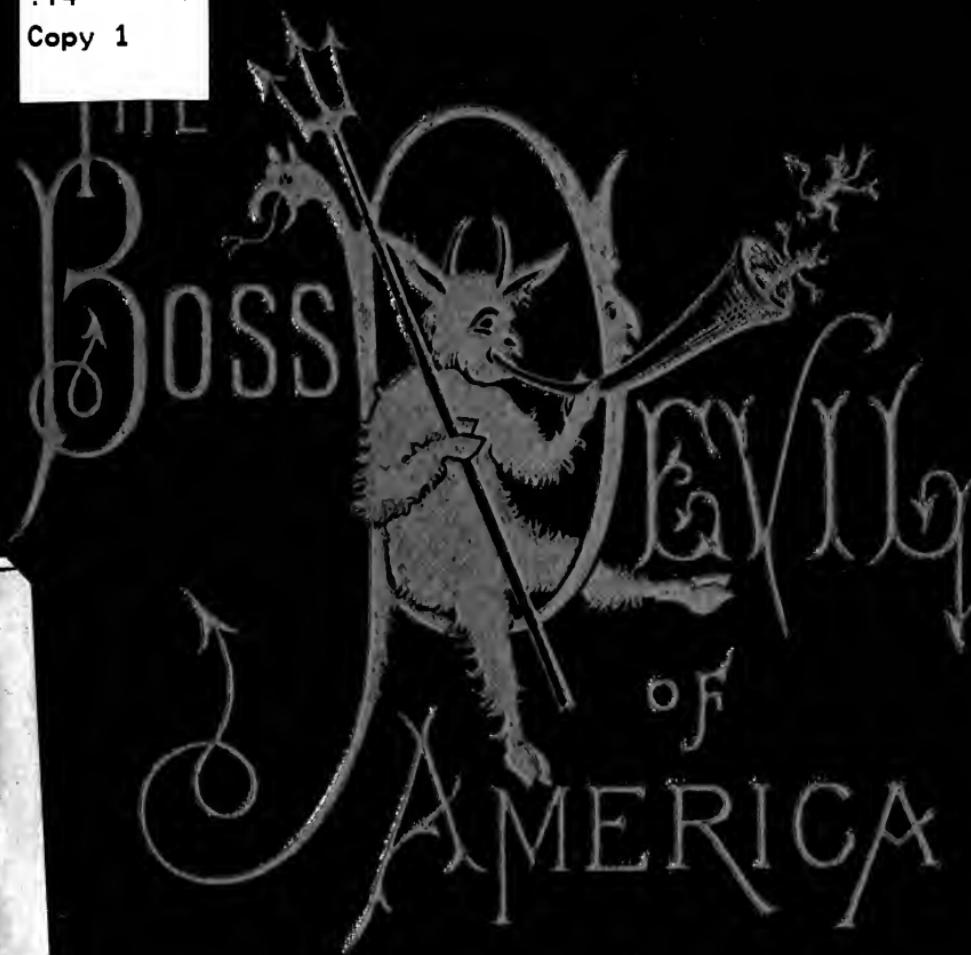


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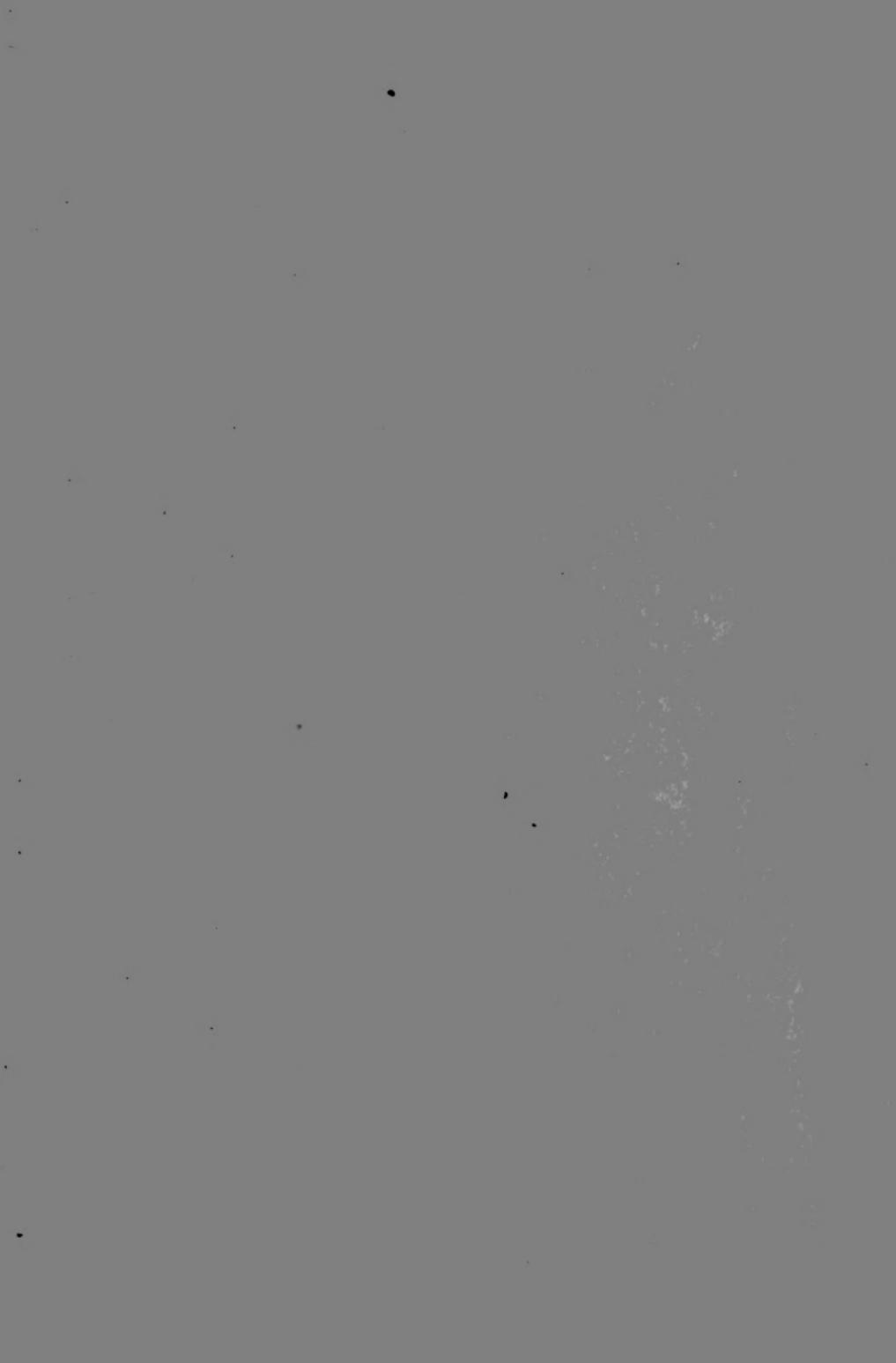
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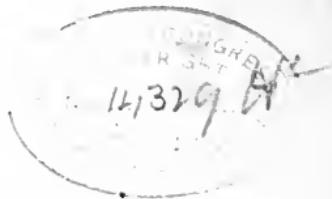




THE BOSS /
DEVIL OF /
AMERICA.

BY
Charles R. Little
JEAN CLARKE,

AUTHOR OF "THAT YOUNG MAN."



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY N. H. WHITNEY & CO.

1878.

1877

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

IN measured line to suit my whim, without
The hope or wish that they who read will call
It poetry, this little book I give.
This said is quite enough — and less would do —
Of introductory, so called and named,
But never read except by her or him
Who writes. Thus saying, let me sign my name
In due respect, esteem, and love, and hope,
Most truly yours,

Boss DEVIL.

BOSTON, New Year's, 1878.



THE
BOSS DEVIL OF AMERICA.

I. — PRELUDE.

FAIR maid ! whom some call sweet, and sweet
if good ;
With virgin blushes pure and rich and red
And warm ; unplighted love, yet true because
Untried ; unfaded eye, yet bright and soft
And good, its own most certain snare and bait
Of ruin ; smiling face and yearning heart ;
Prospective wife, loved and loving much, —
Fair maid, to thee I speak and write.

Young man ! possessed of strength, with greatest
strength
To fall ; with hopes elated high above

Intent of good, or virtue of resolve ;
With signs of greatness, outward many bright,
But inward few ; with force of mind and soul,
And build of frame, each great in what each most
May yet attain ; beset with pleasures good
And ill, — to thee no less this theme I pen,
That, by revealing who I am, thyself
To thee I may present as well, and more,
That thou mayst know the man whose easy prey,
At cruel cost, thou art.

But, to be brief, fair maid, young man, or both ;
The young, the old as well, and all who read
On trains, in halls, at home, or as a guest ;
Equal to all, with much to favor all,
On printed page I come, in measured lines,
Not welcomed more because in common verse,
Nor less, but rather more disguised.

Of all the devils seen or hid or felt
On earth, by men or maids, — their numbers
great, —
THE Boss I am. To my imperious rule
And sway, to every impulse, word, or wish,
All legions doomed or dooming by their pow'r,

In ready homage wait on me.
In every act of life's broad stage,
The high and low, the rich and poor, the great,
The small, of every sort, come trooping round
My feet, to crown me Victor, DEVIL BOSS ;
Thyself a subject, willing or compelled,
Of my exalted crown. Such is my rank.

My birth I'll speak of later on ; my age
As well, or mention not at all, as may
Best suit my wish and plan. My realm,
Already told or hinted quite enough,
Will soon be clear. Thus briefly introduced,
Boss DEVIL I appear ! and, leading on,
Will wind through wooded paths of real fact,
Of virtue shipwrecked, honor lost or won,
Of maiden's hopes deferred and trust deceived,
Of man's high purpose blighted or retrieved,
Of home's cemented circle sundered far,
Or saved.

II. — FAIR ELSA.

No longer girl, yet scarce a maid in years ;
In growth of heart, and mind, and form, full ripe
And pure, fair Elsa loved. Her beauty, rare

And rich, invited gaze and lust. Her face
With freshest blush, in tinted hues of pink
And white, was always bright.

Her smiles of love,
In golden sunbeams flowed, in gentle waves
Of inspiration warm. Her auburn hair
Of curls, in silken tresses, hung or lay
In ample luxury.

Her form, not large,
Nor small, but rounded out in perfect shape
And symmetry, excelled perfection's truest moulds
Of fancied thought.

Her voice, in accents sweet,
Broke softest music on the ear and heart,
Enchanting one and charming both. To tell
It all at once, in her combined the whole
Of beauty, youth, and grace.

Her rank of noble birth improved on all
By gilding all with wealth and lineage-fame ;
Her noble gifts of mind, and soul, and grace,
The wisest Giver had bestowed in trust, —

A trust she would have kept, had I not come
To tempt, and steal, and curse, and blight, and
blast,
And waste.

Her easy lot sped on and on,
Each day beholding steps advancing high
In deeds of self-improving culture and
Unselfish love.

Thus born, thus reared, thus blessed,
And thus improved,—an object rare and rich
For angels' praise and devils' bitter hate,—
Fair Elsa lived.

Her ruin fully planned
Was my delight, since she was fairest of
The fair, and purest of the pure; and I
The chief of devils boss, the ardent task
No other hands save mine could execute.

III. — YOUNG ROGER.

Young Roger, bright with college honors, came
From class, in graduation due, to try
With tact and talent, love and wit, life's hard
And surging tide.

From callings great and wise,
And multiform, he chose his own delight,
The art of physic,—allopathic school.

Commanding, tall, erect, of noble form
And noble mien, and mind and soul in all
Complete, he stood in youth's gateway of life,
In equipage and armor for the fight
Complete as well.

With aims above, beyond,
The common herd, he drew the lines to rule.
His life by wisdom's plans approved, confirmed.
The rules he made to be observed, obeyed,
Were few, but firm and good: The truth to speak,
To seek the good to do and fellowship,
To hate the wrong, were fundamental lines
He would in turn observe.

And why do less?
Of humble, poor but honest birth, his own
Unaided way he'd pressed to this fair start.
With such a life, though short, behind, with such
A prospect yet untried, but easy to
Attain, ahead, when all invites that way.

IV. — YOUNG ROGER'S LOVE.

When scarce eighteen, while yet in junior class,
Young Roger, still in sophomoric warmth
Of youth, his honest heart and noble hand
Had laid at Elsa's feet, for which she gave
Her own betrothed. Of all rewards his life
Had crowned, this one was richest far.

To win a love so pure, a heart so high,
Was more than victor's boast. Her veins enriched
By royal blood, her heart of love enlarged,
Enshrined by all devotion's brightest fires ;
Her mind illumined, trained, informed ;
Her beauty unsurpassed, and yet excelled
By grace,—a prize indeed ! of earthly gifts
The best.

But greater than her worth
Of beauty, grace, and form, and higher than
Her hopes of heaven, and deeper than her trust
In God, — outmeasured all, her love bestowed, —
Young Roger's best reward, and highest prize.

Nor was fair Elsa's love without a full

Return. The heart of him, less great in name,
Less reared by wealth, but nothing less a heart
For all, it loved as strong, as warm, as great,
If not as pure ; and loving thus he loved
Not less than she.

V.—YOUNG ROGER'S FAULT.

Young Roger's fault was my reward, and more—
But say no more just now. The heart that loved
Its treasure, altogether won, yet half
Secured, with such unselfish wish and plan,
Lacked less in generous deeds than just, though
just
It strove its blessings to impart.

It was

Not wrong that Roger should have many friends,—
A right availing much for me,—nor wrong
That he and they should often meet and chat
At hall or club, if meeting there implied
No other fellowship than kindly words
Or greeting warm ; nor in the thoughts and words
Of many men called wise and good, was wrong,—
Their social glass of wine, or stronger drinks,

When kind occasion warmly bent that way.
In such amusements, wise and good, if good
And wise, and right if numbers weigh, and best
For my success, lay Roger's fault, the old
And pious people will insist. If right,
Then right ; if wise, then wise ; if good, then good ;
Or fault, then fault : whichever will appear.

VI. — FAIR ELSA'S FAULT, IF FAULT.

Fair Elsa, faultless, yet in fault, if wise
And trusted oracles are true, erred most,
If erred at all, in loving far too well.
If truest God she loved, her love in this
Was weak, engaging less than half a heart and half
A mind. Her rank, the riches of her grace,
Her undivided love, her hopes and best
Resolves, her time, her prayers, her strength, and all
She had to give, in giving which was right, —
And law of right was love, — she fondly threw
At Roger's not unworthy feet. Alas !
And not alas ! Sometimes such love is best,
Sometimes the worst. Alas, when spent on him
Whom I embrace, though worthy in himself ;
And not alas, when borne for him in whom

My intrigue comes to nought, a victim chained.
In this, — if this be wrong or right, the same, —
In this was Elsa's source of grief, if grief
She had at all.

VII. — YOUNG ROGER'S MISFORTUNE.

Misfortune, — born of fault if sages tell
The proverbs of their songs in truth ; and born
By chance, or sent by God, if sages lie, —
But, all the same, misfortunes come to vex
And to annoy. A plan put forth to shun
Their stings fails in the plan ; for all, the small,
The great, at some time, and by far, the time
Most inconvenient to their ease and wish,
Must fret beneath their scourge.

Young Roger, no
Exception to the rule, met his. 'Twas not
Affliction's hand ; 'twas not unvalued love,
Nor broken trust, nor lash of scandal's tongue :
But debt, its food. His generous heart made
friends ;
His generous deeds increased their ranks ; and,
thus

Increased, expense entailed, unjustly met,
Or met by putting off.

His practice grew
And thrived; but faster grew the wants (not
needs),
And louder grew the calls demanding means
To hold the wide-extending social list
Of daily entertaining friends. Perplexed,
Annoyed, young Roger, ill at rest,
Stood hard in need. His wants however known
To me, it matters not: enough to say
His needs my pleasant duty was to meet
And satisfy, or, failing quite in this,
His wants to pacify. Philanthropy
Could move my heart, Boss DEVIL though I was,
But only when its Christian deeds of love
Gave cloak to base designs.

In Roger's want
I saw a way to Elsa's heart. The route
Was long and wind-about, and intricate
With turns: yet, had the way been easier,
Less int'resting the task.

The end

Was Elsa's fall, — her virtue to abase.
This fully done, and I had reached the goal
Of devil's highest wish. No dart of lust
Or thought of shame had yet imbued her heart:
In holy thoughts, in purest wish, her life
In gentle flow, swept calmly on to God.

All other men, most other maids, my base
Designs could bring to shame, with greater ease,
But with less glory crowned. With some, and not
A few, the distance left to fall would cause
But little bruise : with her, embracing all
That's pure and true and good, the distance would
Be great, the fall in ruin grand. These thoughts
And motives led me on. With these I sped
To Roger's aid.

IX. — YOUNG ROGER'S SIN.

Misfortune — born of fault, or no, to me
It matters not — was brooding sin through my
Adventurous aid. Young Roger lived, — and lived
In style, — from Elsa's proud and stately home,
In distance many miles, say hundreds six
Or more.

Though Elsa's capture, fall, and shame
Was chief of my delights to win, I chose,
As most expedient to my plan and aim,
To tarry close by him, in friendly aid,
If thus I could appear. And thus I did
Pretend in foul disguise, deceit, until
In Roger's name, for Roger's sake, she heard
My fearful plea, and blushed with shame,
But blushing fell, yet falling more to my
Disgrace than her distress, and this was great.

Supplying Roger's wants,
I multiplied by many fold and pow'r
Their number and their force; and this, that I
Might make demand for much I had and wished
To give. I made him many friends, if friends
The world will stoop to so exalt by name.
Nay, this and more; I brought him pleasures new
And odd,—too odd to tell; enjoyments sweet,
If sweet can turn to painful sting of shame;
Amusements rare to public gaze, or sight
Of honest, pious men; and over all
The mystic veil of secrecy I spread,
Which gave it double charm.

In this strange world behind the 'screens,—strange
only to
The good,—where night is day, and day is
night,
And charms are multiplied, increased, improved,
By artificial light, I led at will
Young Roger's wayward feet. He followed on
With hesitating step, unsteady gait ;
And, when reluctant to proceed, his fears
Or doubts of wrong were lost in social wine.

Thus on, and on, I led young Roger to
His sin, his doom, unconscious he was led.
The way was long, and leading down in scale
At every step, but with such easy slant
As not to cause alarm.

Had Roger fell
With rapid pace, no wrecks to mark his path
But his, slight then were done; but, moving on
In slow advance, the stream of ruin spread
In wide expanse, including hundreds in
The train, and thus worked double loss. In this
I managed well

Impulsive, yet

With firm command of self, as some would say,
He sinned by night, and worked with honest skill
By day ; and boasted how his freaks of fun,
Restrained by systematic rule or law,
Took nothing from the value or result
Of practised toil. And so, dear reader, if
Boss devil you'd become, first learn to lead
Your victims by the hand of self-control,
When falsely reckoned so. With care and pains
I worked to show young Roger all his good,
And cover all his fault. 'Twas easy done :
With skilful ease I placed his life in line
With that of better men, and proved his own
By far the best, by far supreme.

At length

He sinned outright, and sinned to suffer much.
His sin entailed disgrace ; to cover which
Bred crime ; to cover which he spent his life
For nought, and fell at last, a proper claim
To retribution's doom, to pine and die.

His sin was this (in myth it must be told,
Or give offence to those who read ; which means,

To steal the author's bread) : Within his heart
I bred a passion great and deep and strong,
The birthright of the flesh, and proper, too,
For man : its presence is not sin, but wise
And good, if wisely held by wise restraint.

Young Roger wooed forbidden fruit, and ate
In passion, not in love. In this he wronged
Fair Elsa's trust, — the less or more, decide
Which way you will ; but wronged it foul, — and
wronged

Himself as well, and more. Sharp on the track
Of this his sin — another's shame — came twin
Disgrace, to cover which demanded crime.
Alas ! and crime stood near at hand.

X. — YOUNG ROGER'S CRIME.

That sin is crime but older grown, is plain
To most who read, and pain to most who sin
Too long, I may assert in peace, and you
May prove by deeds, in grief. Thus Roger did
At my command, request, or wish. But in
His peril I came, a friend, or foe disguised,
And lent, unbid, black counsel, varnished bright.

He listened well; which was for me to win,
And him to lose. "For Elsa's sake," I said,
"For Elsa's love, for Elsa's future hope
And joy, cut this one brittle thread of life,—
Though in the stroke you sever two,—and thus
• Dam back the floods which threaten deluge to
Thy name and hers. In this affair, use one
Of many tricks to thy profession known,
And let her quickly die, with hers and yours,—
A secret better in the grave than out.
In this be wise, and follow my advice.
Make haste! the clouds of shame appear."

"Not I!"

Young Roger said. "Be sin my shame, not
crime
My woe! This deed to impulse strange I owe,
Or rather to thy wrong advice. Had I
Not met thee, boss of devils, true thou art,
And heeded thy persuasive counsels, wrong
And black, but gilded o'er, this shame would not
Be mine, or hers by deed of mine; nor had
Fair Elsa's love been treated thus. Depart,
Boss Devil! leave! nor speak again to me!
We part to-day for life."

“Young Roger, hold !”

Was my reply. “Your sorrows reel your brain.
Think for a moment of your words, I pray,
Ere you are lost. ‘Be sin my shame, not crime
My woe,’ sounds well; but hark ! Thy sin and
hers

Is growing crime, and soon will ripen red
In harvest of disgrace. Thy sin to-day
To-morrow is thy crime. Between one crime
And two, without disgrace, is difference more
To be preferred, if both are lost in death,
Though death be murder, than to suffer foul
Disgrace, and sweat beneath the penalty
Of law. Do I not counsel wisely, man ?
If so, give heed : if no, ignore. But weigh
My wisdom well.”

A pause prolonged ; and Roger asked, —
“And how can this be done to leave no chance
Or clew by which the deed may come to light ?”

“Pshaw ! Roger, stop !
Ask not of me to teach what best is known
To thee. I counsel what to do, not how.
A thousand ways I might contrive, and more ;

But why should I perform things easy to
Yourself? The task is light. But come, I'll aid;
And, while we plan, let's drink, that plan we may
With greater ease."

What speed!

In scarce two years I'd led young Roger on
From noble, pious youth, to social glass;
From social glass, to deeds of sin and shame;
From sin and shame, to plotting murder with
No other object than a view to shun disgrace.
Such progress cheered my heart.

He drank of wine, at my request, that we
Might reason well; yet held aloof from crime
In doubt and fear, and said,—

“I'd rather die,—
Die thrice,—than load myself with guilt by this
Tremendous deed. Contrive some other way;
Suggest some plan less black.”

“I see no other way,
The time draws near when Elsa's hand in yours
Will join in wedlock's holy bond,—a bond

In which alone relief to thee can come.
Her wealth at thy command, these irksome debts
Will disappear. Then, Roger, thou canst raise
Thy head, in manly claim to more respect.
Without her love, without her hand, without
Fair Elsa's gold, thy doom is now complete.
There is no other way. This dreaded deed
Alone can bring relief."

XI. — FAIR ELSA'S CONSTANT LOVE.

Come, reader, turn
With me to Elsa's home, that we may bring
Her life down through two years elapsed since last
We spake her praise.

When Roger left his class
For active life, he pressed her hand to wed;
But she demurred, and pleaded youth a cause
Why both should wait. In this her patience was
Not wise, though nothing else a proof of wise
Resolve. Had she gone forth with Roger from
The start, I had been robbed of both, alas!
Her virtue made the gap through which a stream
Of ruin flowed, to turn the wheels of death.

Two years and more must come and go ere she
Became a wife : meanwhile young Roger's hand
Would lay foundations for a home, where love,
And joy, and peace might reign to crown and bless
Their coming wedded life.

 About his task
He set in haste, with motives high and great.
To his resolves I lent my aid, and with
What issues you have seen, and shall see more.

But through these waiting years young Roger oft
Should lean on Elsa's love. In ways all good —
A thousand quite or more — she came to him,
Revealed in acts of constancy. Her pen,
Devoted as the days and nights are true to time,
Did much. Each letter filled with Christian words
Of counsel wise, but less of counsel than
Of love, brought inspirations big with strength
And hope, but these were shipwrecked, cast
Away on seas of ruddy wine, without
The roaring of a single storm.

 But letters were
By no means all : mottoes and precious gifts

Of needle-work, each traced with lines of skill
And patient toil ; each, token of her love,—
These gifts from hands so fair, these lines from
mind

So pure, and hopeful wishes, well from heart
So true and good, had been enough, and more,
To guide young Roger on in purity
Of life, had I not crossed his path, or clasped
His hand.

Besides these gifts and written interchange
Of love, five greetings, lasting weeks, increased
Their love, confirmed their hopes, and perfected
Their trust. At each of these young Roger's
heart

Renewed its vows ; his lips alone declared
The lie of constant past. Fair Elsa — blind
With perfect trust ; imperfect since unwise ;
Unwise because abused, deceived — believed,
Suspected not, and loved in majesty
Of soul sublime and great.

Thus lived
Fair Elsa, true and good and pure, not once
Suspecting less of him than she herself

Could be, but hoping more. Thus waiting long,
And praying much, poor Elsa was deceived.
Alas! if only that were all!

XII. — YOUNG ROGER'S VICTIM.

Poor Nellie Waite, an orphan child, at ten,
Was placed at school, through friendly aid. Endowed

With voice of song, and blessed with music in
Her soul, she learned to play and sing with grace
And ease, and perfect tone. To teach what she
Had learned was her delight, and more, her means
Of livelihood. Nellie was young and fair,
Possessed of beauty, wit, and tact to match ;
Well suited to enjoy the good, but not
Well suited to endure the bad, of life.

From self-supporting toil she soon became
By far too self-dependent. Nellie Waite
And I and Roger met at social dance,
Or ball full-dress. I'd met young Roger long,
And many times, before ; sweet Nellie once ;
Not more. My interest in them both was quite
The same, — their overthrow and fall. At twelve,

The midnight hour, the whirling dances broke
In intermission. Lunch was served in rooms
Across the entry hall. Thence, to refresh
And rest, young Roger, leading Nellie on
His arm, repaired. My time had come. The wine
Was introduced. The modest lady shook
Head in kind reproof; yet wine, champagne,
Was only wine, not more, and why complain?
Thus reasoned out she said, —

“Kind Roger, sir,
You drink, I’m pardoned to observe.
The wine looks well, and drink if drink you must.
But, as for me, I must excuse myself
With your consent.”

“Miss Waite, you joke, or play
With words. This wine is light, and could not
harm
A creature good and fair as thou. *Your health!*
Drink that with *me!*”

“Just *half a glass*: not more,
Kind Roger. *Come, obey!* I dare not trust
In taking more, or even this, I’m bound
To say.”

“Pshaw ! Nellie, drink ! This ruddy wine
Like water flows, as harmless too. A ball
Is less a ball excepting wine. I hold
Myself to answer for your ill, if ill
Results.”

Young Roger reasoned well.
In this my training was complete. She drank,
And, drinking, fell in honor of my name,
And rank as Boss.

XIII. — MURDER, ONE OR TWO.

At my advice, at my command, or wish,
Or counsel,—one or all,—young Roger gave
Wise heed (if crime is wise); and sought at once,
With speedy hand, to cut the thread of life.
The work was soon complete. His victim fell
In death,—as at his wicked will she fell
In life to deeds of shame,—with one faint cry
Or wail of grief, unheard by men. Her pain
Was great but brief.

“This awful thing is done,
And done by me,” soliloquized or thought

Young Roger, as alone he sat one night,
Refusing to be comforted by wine,
Or wine's resource. "My plan succeeds: that's
plain.

Hear what the people think, and what they say,
And what the papers print. It's false; but lies
Are better far than truth, when used to hide
Much crime. They print, with head-lines black
and long,

The tale of Nellie's grief; all wrong, but right
For me. It runs this wise:—

““THE SUICIDE
OF NELLIE WAITE! THOUGH FAIR IN LIFE, YET
FOUL
IN DEATH. SHE DIES TO HIDE HER CRIME.”

“Thus ran
The head-lines, bold as false; and others quite
As these were added on to give display.
Then followed lines in common print; to wit,—

““We're pained to be compelled to write of things
So sad. Fair Nellie Waite, whom many knew,
And knew to love, in some dread evil hour
Gave heed to wrong advice. She fell! To hide

Her fall, she drank the fatal drug, and died.
The man — not man, but beast — who led her on
To shame is strangely hid from view. She leaves
No words behind by which to trace him out.
Yet we predict his villany will be
Revealed in time, and he to punishment
Be surely brought in chains.' "

Young Roger read,
And trembled more. The prophecy might yet
Be verified! He shook with fear. I came
That way, on duty bent, and offered wine.
He drank, and drank again. This nerved his
mind,
And gave him strength. His fear o'ercome or
gone,
His conscience dumb, he walked erect, and smiled
A victor's smile.

Poor Nellie's death came not
By her own hand. Perplexed with grief, and
warned
Of coming shame, she counselled Roger for
Escape, relief, or plan to overcome
The sad mishap. He gave attentive ear,

And then advice, and then a phial of death.
He called it by some other name. The dose
He ordered her, in undivided form,
To take just after secret evening prayer.
By this she was to gain relief ; but by
The same she died. Thus managed Roger well ;
Or rather I, not he. This was my plan,
Not his. But thus died Nellie Waite ; and thus
Have thousands, fair and good as she, by me
Been led to early, shameful death.

XIV. — FAIR ELSA'S DREAM, AND MORE.

The night of Nellie's death, fair Elsa dreamed
Herself in Nellie's place. She thought her shame
Was hers, and that some fiend, the author of
Her woe, had sought to take her life ; in which
Attempt by poisoned draught his purpose reached.
The fiend she did not know or recognize.
In one short night she dreamed the same thrice
o'er,
And morning found her weak from fear.

She wrote
At once, revealing all to Roger's mind.

The dream, she said, was plainest at the point . . .
Of death. 'Twas hard to die. She tried to call
For aid, but nothing aiding came. She cried
In sobs of grief, not loud but deep, for him
Whose slave, by dream, she had become. But no
Response from him. At length she died; instead
Of which she woke. With this, fair Elsa asked,
"My love, what can it mean?" and closed.

Such news
Brought grief and hot remorse to Roger's soul.
He sank in stupor, self-condemned, and would
Have died from self-inflicting wounds, had I
Not sped to bring redress and cheer.

"My dear
Sir Roger," first I said, "what means this woe,
This sad complain? Why languish here? With
thee
There's nothing wrong, but much to cheer."

"Foul fiend!"
He answered back, "the worst of devils thou!
Depart! Return no more! I hate thy name,
Thy face, thy voice! I would that thou wert
dead.

No more thy councils shall I heed, no more
Thy poisoned gifts receive. Depart, depart !
O cursed fiend, depart !”

“Why, Roger, wilt
Thou thus abuse my name, reject my aid ?
When fast in trouble bound, with coming shame,
In floods quite mountain high, I found thee lone
And helpless, in much want, thou didst not scorn
To thank for aid. I gave my counsels free,
And counselled wise. To-night you're free by
 might

Of mine, and durst thou scorn me thus ? Beware !
I have thee in my power somewhat. As friend,
I wait to serve thy needs ; but make me foe,
And chains of fearful strength shall bind thee
 low.”

“Boss Devil, leave my sight ! This once, not
 more,
I'll drink with thee at my expense. It is
The parting draught. I trace thy hand in ills
Gone by. To thee my every fault and sin
I owe : to thee I'll owe no more but hate.
But come, we'll drink farewell, and part.”

“’Tis done,

Whate’er thou wilt. To be dismissed is hard :
To be dismissed and then recalled is not
So bad. To-day I’ll go, obedient to
Thy word. When time brings sober thoughts of
this,

My aid will be recalled. I venture this,
And wait ; meanwhile, good-day.”

XV. — YOUNG ROGER REFORMS SOMEWHAT.

Young Roger, rid of me, by wise resolve —
But wiser still if longer kept — began
Anew. ’Twas time, indeed ! He hid the past .
As best he could, and best was poor enough.
He saw approaching ruin in the glass,
Or dram, — approaching ? nay, at hand ! Deep in
His soul he cursed the social glass of wine
Or beer, and swore by all his sin and crime
Already done, by all the good he yet
Might do, by all he dared to hope or wish,
By all fair Elsa’s worth, never, never,
Again to touch or taste the liquid fire !

Young Roger reasoned well, resolved as well,

But did not carry out his honest wish
Beyond the mere resolve ; but fell again,
And rose, and re-resolved, and fell again ;
And rose again to make his vows anew, —
But vows he never acted out beyond
The wish. Thus going on he paved his way
To hell with good resolves; but leading none
The less direct for that.

In struggles hard
To gain relief from my infernal grasp,
He battled well with treacherous foe, but fell
As all must fall who dare to meet my sword
In strife. He gained, at times, some vantage-
ground,
And seemed a while to win the fight. For weeks,
And once for months, his lips were kept in peace,
from all
Unholy liquors dry. But lo ! when least
Expecting me, I came, — not by myself,
But one (and not the least) of many, all
His friends, professed.

Yet Roger did as well
As most could do. He placed the cup beneath

His feet for weeks in stretch, and grew in strength
Of moral grace. Thus, step by step, the man
Reformed somewhat; yet all the while in my
Control, with my consent. Had I not wished
To pull down better men, and women too,
With Roger's fall, I had not yielded thus.

XVI. — FAIR ELSA PREPARES TO WED.

A few short months, not more, the wedding-day
Would come; therewith young Roger's merry
smiles

Once more appear to cheer and bless her life.
She had not seen his face for many days,
Or pressed his hand, or kissed his lips; but soon
She'd meet the chosen one, with him to part
No more.

In busy preparation for
The nuptial day, approaching near and fast,
Fair Elsa spent the few remaining weeks.
At much expense, with greater skill and taste,
At length the wardrobe was complete, of silks
The richest and the best, all other things
To match. Fair Elsa's outfit was excelled
By nothing save her love.

The father gave
Of worldly goods, to bless his child and him
She loved, without restraint,— piano square
And grand, the richest silver-plate, and gold
A fortune quite, or more. The loving, kind,
Devoted, wealthy father could not have done more,
And would not have done less.

Fair Elsa loved
Young Roger all a noble heart could love,
And longed to spread, a willing offering, at
His feet, the least of all, her wealth ; and more,
A long, devoted life of loving, kind,
And generous deeds.

For such unselfish work
An opportunity came soon enough, —
Alas, too soon ! With Roger kneeling at
My shrine of lust and wine, and she at his,
But blind to all because deceived ; — with this
I prospered well.

XVII. — YOUNG ROGER WEDS.

The wedding-morn had come. Young Roger,
bright

As varnished, gilded sin can look, when at
Its best, came forth to meet his bride. He looked
A very king, but must have felt much worse.
Fair Elsa, blushing, pure and white and sweet,—
Her only fault, she loved too well, not wise
Enough,— came forth in queenly grace, to meet
Her lord, once worthy much, but now much less.

The solemn vows were made. To love, and her
Alone ; to cheer with constant hand, defend,
Protect, support, forsaking all but her,—
He promised well : performing half as well
Would have been manly, placed in line with what
He did, or failed to do. Yet promised he
As all men do, in truth, in hope, in love.

Fair Elsa also vowed to love, revere,
Obey, respect, and serve devoted, to
The end of life, till death should part her hand
From his. To keep her vow, her solemn pledge,
She consecrated body, mind, and soul ;
And, when she fell, she fell defending truth,
Protecting virtue, and rejecting vice.

Thus vowing, both were wed ; and, wedding, both

Were one, or should have been ; and were, except
What I of him possessed, the union of their hearts
To mar.

Fair Elsa, led by such a man, —
'Twas shame ! Young Roger, leading such a bride,
So pure, so good, for him too good by far, —
Was also shame ! But leading thus, and led,
They started forth as man and wife, — she good
And true ; he trying to be quite the same,
But trying much in vain, because of me.

XVIII. — FAIR ELSA'S FIRST-BORN.

In course of time, the marriage brought forth one
To make the number three, and bless the whole.
With kiss on kiss, in multitude beyond
All count, the new-made parents crowned their
babe,
And loved it much. The young and sweet
And anxious mother pressed it to her heart,
Then held it up to God, and prayed that he
Would mould its tender heart, and guide its life,
In love. This prayer might have been answered
by

The gift of much beyond the prayer, had I
Not, later, stepped between the child, its God,
And her.

The child was no small blow to my
Success. It won young Roger's heart from me,
To home ; and oft upon his knee, in love,
He fondled him, his infant son, in great
Delight. This holy pleasure almost won
Young Roger from the cup ; for which, in turn
Of hateful spite, I bent with greater rage
To ruin all, with special aim at her
Whose greatest pride was mother. With intent,
No less to claim the child when older grown
As my reward, that all, with all who might
Thereafter come to them by birth, might meet
Below to swell the drinker's woeful, dark,
Eternal home.

XIX. — MY DEEP DESIGN.

To make sure work, to be in time, I called
To aid young Roger's scientific mind.
In practice wise for me, but woe to all
For whom physicians thus prescribe, he lent

His aid. Fair Elsa's frame was weak and worn,
And needed strength. Her doctor-husband, quick
To apprehend the want, was ready to
Supply. The chief of which he gave his wife
To bring renewing vigor on, to give
Her health and strength, was brandy, wine, and
gin,
In turns, to meet the complicated needs.

Such treatment filled the mother's breast with
seeds
Of wicked appetite, by nature's plan
Transmitted to the child. My double scheme
Worked well. The nursing mother thrived in
strength,
And gained in health. The threefold treatment
sowed
In her, and him she fed — as noble, honest moth-
ers will —
With milk her yielding breast supplied, the germs
Of sin and shame.

With such a plan contrived
With doctor's aid, — and doctors aid me much
Beyond their knowing, — I could see her doom

And his, and his she nursed, approaching near.
Prospered my work of death, Boss Devil's only
Joy, and only bread.

XX. — SUSPICION WORKS FOR ME.

I work in many ways, through many men,
And by a thousand faults or traits of wrong.
At times by envy's hand I make much game :
A jealous mind or heart is always worth
Much pains to me. Ambition, rightly watched,
Will yield returns of human woe complete.
Not less suspicion's arm will turn the wheels
Of crime, if armed by my control. Thus did
Suspicion now, as you may see.

A month

Had scarcely passed since Nellie Waite — by her
Own hand, as people thought ; but really by
The fatal drug young Roger gave with foul
Design — passed on from life, when, lo ! and sad
To meditate, a clergyman, young and pure,
And brilliant none the less, and pious more,
Was thought to have contrived the shame which
led

To crime and suicide. The whole was deep
In myst'ry hid, and hinted at but here
And there in whisper-words.

Suspicion stooped
Perhaps, for him, and acted kind, compared
With what it does by rule. It cleared him full
Of part or knowledge in the wicked death,
But held him to account for shame by which
The crime was bred.

But few can tell, in truth,
Suspicion's birth: all men suspect in some
Degree, all women greatly most, yet most
Deceived. Suspect is infant slander born
And sucking at the breast of doubtful pride.
Suspect of Rev. Nathan Field, pastor,—
The clergyman spoken of,—began without
A cause, and where, no one could tell. To find
The source of such report, is wisely left
Alone. My spirit brooding o'er the heart
Begets a passion to traduce, to wound;
And people thus possessed can think and speak
Of evils never done.

The talk broke out
By women in his church. At first by two
Or three the secret close was held. Alas !
The women keep their secrets most by help.
A secret's no light thing,— too much for one
To hold. A woman's back is slight : she needs
Decided help, and, most of all, when needs
Must be to hold some naughty secret tale.
In such a case they summon ready help ;
The neighbors all turn out as volunteers :
To slight their proffered aid would be unkind.
Such is the way so many people hold
What seems to them untold.

At first his church
Was full ; then came a spell of dropping off.
This gave the preacher pain. He said his prayers
With double force and length ; but one by one,
And two by two, he missed familiar names.
To many empty pews he often preached
And prayed. Each time brought more. His mem-
bers shunned
His presence, giving no excuse ; and, worse
Than all, young ladies turned in cold retreat
From every path he trod.

Poor Field ! he could
Not preach. Disheartened by a thousand slights,
He reached well-nigh despair. Beside all this
Young Field had sorrow none could feel
Or share. He truly loved sweet Nellie Waite,
And sought to win her heart and hand ; when,
 lo !

She died in shame.

At length, distressed beyond
All name, he sought to solve the mystery.
To Mrs. Huntington, his friend both true
And tried, he went to find relief. He thus
Began : " Good lady, tell, in Heaven's name,
What means this chilling wave of coldness in
My church,—the members leaving one by one ?
An explanation I will have,—must have, from
 God
Or man ! "

" Good parson, rumor says — There is
A rumor quite unkind of thee : it floats
Amid the air. No person says it all ;
Yet all are saying some. The whole is bad
Enough."

“My friend, you fill me with surprise.
Declare it all at once : the worst I’m bound
To know. Say on, say on !”

“Some man will tell
You what is said. It is not right for me
To speak of matters half so foul : let this
Be my excuse, I pray.”

“Good lady, tell
Me all ! I must have quick relief. Let words
Be guarded well, yet speak at once ; delay
No more. Deny me this, and thou thyself
Art guilty of traducing my good name.”

“You know the sudden death of Nellie Waite,
And how she died in shame, by one unknown,
Misled ; to cover which, she drank, and died
By her own hand,” she said.

“I know, I know !
But what of this ? That I’m the author of
Her death, her sin, her shame ? Pray hurry on
And say !”

“ The author of her death ? Oh, no !
You wrong yourself somewhat. They say, or
some
Suspect, you planned and brought to pass her
shame.”

The reverend Field was thunderstruck, dismayed.
He turned away in rage, surprise, disgust,
And half revenge, and half despair. I came
That way by plan, and offered wine. He drank,
And drank to drown his woe, but all in vain.
His grief, unkind suspicion took for guilt,
And shunned him more ; from which he drank
The more. And why record the end ? 'tis all
The same with all who drink.

XXI. — GRIEF MEETS GRIEF DISGUISED,

In my high calling labor must be love,
Or shunned. I'm ruled by none. Whate'er I do,
I do but for the joy it brings. With Field
And Roger well secured, I planned to lead
Them slowly on, whereby I might enjoy
The work, and taint as many lives by them
As pleased my royal wish.

On pleasure bent
One day, I brought young Roger hand to hand
With pastor Field; the latter bowed beneath
His load of grief, the former smarting by
His inward guilt, yet each unwilling to
Admit himself, in any sense, at my
Command. Since this was so, I offered wine
To both; and both partook, which pleased me
much.
Their conversation pleased me more.

Poor Field
Began: "Say, doctor, tell me how it is.
I must believe in fate. Without a sin
To stain my life, but this accursed drink
In which I've sought to drown my woe,—
But sought in vain,—I'm branded villain, fiend,
And driven from the sacred desk to pine
And die."

"Dear Field, you wrong yourself, and, worse,
The God you preach. If guilty of no wrong,
Then stand upright and bold, a man. 'Tis sin
To languish or despair, or lose one's hope;

'Tis crime far worse than that with which they
charge
Thee falsely. Be a man!"

"Your words sound well,
But do not fit the case. Were I as you
A doctor, then they would apply; but, as
I am, they do not. Preacher's name and fame
Are sacred ground: whoever steps thereon
To rob or to traduce, defiles the man,—
If not with God, with men."

"Is there no way
To clear yourself, and stand once more quite free
From all suspecting taunts? You preach that
right
Prevails, not wrong."

"There's just one way, not more:
In this I'll spend my life, to win or lose.
The prospect now is dark; but hope invites,
And I respond, and struggle on."

"What is
That way, pursuing which, succeeding well
Will set you free, and prove your innocence?"

“To track, detect, expose, and bring to law
And chains, the author of poor Nellie’s woe
And death. To this intent I live, and this
Alone. In this succeeding, I shall die
In peace. And, Roger, listen well. I here
Predict I’ll find the man, and prove his fault.
This day I’m on his track ; this day I meet
Him face to face. Base Roger, you’re the
man !

The author of her shame and woe, and, more,
Her murderer by foul design ! No man
Save me has knowledge of the deed ; and, armed
With proof, I’ll bring thee to account.”

XXII. — ANOTHER CRIME CONTRIVED.

Young Roger turned from pastor Field in rage,
And fear as well, but turned with oaths by which
In vain reproof he strove to hurl, in death,
The charges made. No time to lose : I flew
To Roger’s side, and counselled what to do.
I found him friendly, and all ready to
Be taught. At times his body shook from
fear,
At times from rage.

He grasped my hand ; his mind
In wild excitement flew from thought to thought ;
Then half subdued, as watching out in fear
Of being heard, he cried in smothered voice,—
“The awful deed at least to one is known ;
And how ? Oh that I knew, or he knew less !”

“Come, Roger, come ! Compose yourself : your
mind

Is ill at ease. I thought you brave and true ;
But coward thou dost seem. Be strong, and fear
Nothing but fear. To falter now is to
Be caught and hanged. To stand against each foe,
With sword in hand, means conquest sure and
quick.

Come, Roger, drink, to stay your nerves, and give
Your mind more play.”

He drank. His nerves were firm,
His mind as clear and cool. By these improved,
I thought him ready now to hear my talk.

“One thing is certain, Roger, sir,—that Field,
By some way hid from us, but wise (that’s plain),
Knows of the deed by which fair Nellie fell.

This knowledge makes him fit to die, unfit
To live. Just let him drink of Nellie's dose,
And die, in people's eyes, as she hath died
By rumor well confirmed. The crime enlarged
Is more a crime, I must admit. But think
Of wife and child, their name and fame. Should
Field

Succeed in finding proof, — in which perchance
He may, — you hang, and they in shame must live.
Your only hope, your only chance, is held
In one affair: the reverend Field must die, —
Die soon. Consider well. How opportune
The case! Suppose him dead by trick of
yours

And mine: the people will declare his guilt
The cause which led to suicide. What more
Is needed to complete our plan, to make
Success secure?"

“You reason well and sound,”
Young Roger said, “but deeper lead to crime.
Is there no way of getting out, instead
Of deeper in? I hate your plan, but must
Relieve myself from him. Suggest your best,
Your wisest plan, evading crime.”

“No way
Presents to kill a crime, except by crime
Again. If Field survives my plan contrived
For you, expect swift woe. Good-day. I’m called
Elsewhere.”

XXIII.—ELSA’S FEAR AND TRIAL.

“What keeps you out so late, my dear,—so late
From babe and I? He waits with me for your
Return, then falls asleep, or cries. I wait
And hope, and hope and wait, expecting your
Return. At twelve I fear; at one I doubt;
At two you come to banish both, yet leave
Me with suspect that all’s not well. I wish
In honor bright, my love, to know the cause
Of this delay, which almost every night
Confirms my fear.”

Thus Elsa pleaded, still
In love, in hope, in prayer; to which, with blunt
Reproof, young Roger did reply,—

“My wife,
You fret and worry much beyond the need.
A doctor’s time is not his own. At ten

To-night, I rose to leave my office-rooms
For home, when some one called in haste. A
man

From over-drink had fallen from his horse,
And broke his back, or hurt his spinal cord.
I hastened to his side, and did my best
To save his life. I called physicians to
My aid, but all was vain : he died."

" My dear,
He fell from horse, and died, but died from
drink.

May you not fall some other way, and die
As well from drink ? Think well ! Your breath is
strong,
Your eyes are red, your gait forebodes a fall.
O husband ! quit the drink of wine, I pray
And plead ! "

" Come, Elsa, stop ! you quite, indeed,
Mistake your man. I'm slave to no one here
Or there ; to drink, or thee. I rule myself,
And go and come at will, and drink when drink
I need. I hate complaining wives : complain
No more to me. I'm sick of life, if life

Must needs be broils and faults. In peace my
home

Must be, or home no more for me.”

She wept
And sobbed with grief. Poor Elsa prayed: she
could
Do little else. The infant cried: it knew
Not why, except because the mother cried.
Young Roger sighed, and suffered more than all.

XXIV. — A PASTOR'S SUICIDE, SO CALLED.

“O ma! did ever mortal see such awful news!”
Spoke little Bess in great alarm, her eyes
Intently fixed upon the “Morning Star.”
“That man who used to preach for us so nice,
But since who fell to drink, to drown what folks
Declared his guilt or sin, is poisoned by
His own device. The paper calls it — Well,
I'll spell it out; its su-i-cide.”

With such
A fearful theme, the scandal-mongers thrived
Right well. The story floated far and near;

The children heard what parents said, and talked
It o'er among themselves with eager taste
For sensual food. No blame to learn what's taught
By mother's tongue, yet often no less wrong.
The pastor's death, so sudden, unexplained,
Revived the talk of Nellie's fate. If doubts
Were entertained before of preacher's guilt,
They vanished now. The story went the rounds,
In style this wise : " Poor Field, before the bar
Of his own conscience proved in guilt, condemned
To shame, and scorned by public eye, sank by
Remorse, and sought relief in death. He'll meet
The victim of his foul deception at
The bar of God."

Such are my plans to bring
To shame, eternal woe, the innocent ;
To blacken virtue, honor, truth, and make
The pure impure,— the object not so much
My present joy, but more to people hell.

XXV. — FAIR ELSA'S SECOND DREAM.

At breakfast late, say nine o'clock, or more,
Young Roger and fair Elsa sat, in no

Mean style. The home she made was rich and grand

With all that noble wife could do by taste
Or means. The doctor read the morning sheet,
And talked the news condensed to suit his wife.
At length he found what he was looking for,
And said,—

“O Elsa, hear ! The parson Field
Has suicided too. Last night,—this morn
At two, I mean,—he drank some fatal drug,
And died. Alas, alas ! that men will drink
Themselves to madness thus ! How strange !”

“ My dear,
I had a fearful dream last night. To keep
It secret, I resolved ; but lo ! this news
You tell relieves my mind somewhat. In this
It is fulfilled, I hope and pray. The dream
Was much the same, almost the same, as that
Of which I wrote to you some months before
We wed. I thought some one had poisoned me
In manner much like this : I seemed to live
Alone. At twelve o'clock, midnight, I sought
My room for rest. It seemed so strange ! I had

Been drinking hard all day and night till then.
I walked with reeling step ; my eye was dim ;
I feared no one, nor cared for any thing :
My thirst was great beyond compare. Upon
The table in my room, a pitcher small,
With water cool, awaited my return.

How strange to say ! it seemed a custom old
To find the pitcher there. I drank full half
The contents down before I stopped, so great
My thirst appeared. This done, I fell upon
The bed. Then seized by fearful cramps, I
groaned,

And did my best to call ; but something tied
My tongue ; my jaws grew stiff. The noise
I made was dreadful. Oh, how great my pain !
In this condition some half-hour I
Remained. At length a lady came from fright,
And rapped upon the door. I could not speak,
Or rise to let her in. She called my name.
I partly heard ; but much confused and in
Much pain, I helpless lay. The door, by force,
Was broken in. They found me at the point
Of death, and ran for aid. Physicians came,
But much too late. I died.

“This dream, my dear,
So much akin to that I spoke of at
The first, excited great alarm, and filled
My heart with fear. The news you read ex-
plains
My dream, I hope. But why should I dream thus
And so? Can you explain?”

“My dear, your dreams
Are strange enough. The first you had the
night
When Nellie Waite committed death upon
Herself; this one last night,—the fatal night
For Field. These dreams keep sacred to thy
breast,—
To none reveal. They strangely point to what
The people all suspect,—that he contrived
Her death to hide her shame and his.”

“But why,
My dear, should *I* have dreams so sad, so full
Of woe? My sleep was haunted by the scene.
I fear you read my dreams but half aright.
They come to warn me of approaching woe,
It seems to me.”

“ Pshaw ! Elsa, take some wine
And egg. Beat well the egg, then mix with
wine ;
Or brandy, better still. You need it much ;
You’re weak, much indisposed, — the cause,
perchance,
Of all your dreams.”

“ My dear, you wrong yourself,
And me as well. No brandy, wine, or egg
Can cure in this. I feel a mighty wrong
Is somewhere hid, and soon will come to light.
By rule, I don’t believe in dreams : in these
Of mine, I do. The preacher and the girl
Whom all suspect of self-inflicted death
Have died from other hands. I feel it more
And more, — I cannot tell you why, — that he,
And she as well, were true and pure and good
Until misled, until abused. They fell by foul
Design, is my belief.”

“ It may be so,
My wife. Speak not of such abroad, I pray.
The tongue of scandal now has work enough,
And more : mix not yourself with this.”

“I fear
To mix in such a plot ; but, love, hear me.
If intuition tells the truth, I’ll mix
In this against my will. It has some claim
On us. Oh that it were not so !”

“Oh, pshaw !
The women always prophesy, and dream,
And tell of coming woe. Elsa, adieu !
Give me a kiss till I return.” This said,
Young Roger left the house.

XXVI. — MY FATHER AND MYSELF.

Dear reader, turn a while with me, and leave
The story partly told, of Roger’s and
Fair Elsa’s fate, for other scenes : when done
With these, again we’ll trace their fortunes to
The bitter end. My father and myself
I’ll speak of now.

I shall not speculate
In thought, or dabble in deep themes beyond
Demand. If what I write is dry, or lacks
The juice of romance, still, I beg you, read ;

For, failing to amuse, I'll give, without
Display of words, instruction rare, worth more
By far.

At first let me repeat
What all must know. My father, once in rank
Exalted high, was God's chief counsellor,
The premier of heaven. The story of
His foul revolt, defeat, expulsion great
Of him and all his host, is wisely told
By Milton, not inspired less than those
Who wrote divine. The same deep thinker
pens

My father's wisely planned attempt on man
And wife in Eden placed. He tempted Eve,
And Eve herself in sin drew Adam on ;
And both in sorrow fell.

Much later on,
When mercy's scheme was ripe, a Saviour born,
My father met the Son, and challenged him
To fight. Three deadly rounds proved quite
enough ;
My father fell, and fled back to his home,
Away from light, the haunt of fiends.

He called

A council great, the greatest ever held,
And wisest too by far ; so great, so wise,
So full of great events, it marked the start
Of a new era in my father's realm, —
An era much the same, the start of which
Was marked by birth of Christ.

The council did

Not rise for years : in study deep and long,
Debates progressed in secret halls. At length
My father, wisest of them all by far,
His silence broke. He gave instruction deep
And grand, at which applause was freely made.

“To meet the wise,” he said, “without defeat,
We are compelled to meet them with their own.
Wise only can confront the wise, and win,
Or shun defeat. The High and Great whom once
I served, in rank but one degree below
Himself, has sought to pluck from me my gains
At Eden's fight, by incarnation of
Himself. In this great plan he links himself
With man, and may communicate thereby
With him, or he with Him, at will. This stroke

Means my defeat, unless with equal stroke,
So much like his, I meet him on the line
Of his own plan and thought, and thus divide
The spoil.

“Let this be done. Like my great foe,
I'll bear a son, the incarnation of
Myself. In him I'll link humanity
To my own heart, and lead the race as He
Has planned to lead, by spirits' power.”

I am
That son, the equal too of him by whom
I'm sent. And lo, I come to do his will;
I and the father one; the spirit we
Impart proceeds from both alike: we give
On equal terms. Thus one in three, and three
In one, triune, we stand complete.

XXVII. — WHAT INCARNATION IS, AND WHY.

This word is misapplied, and made to show
Or signify much less than I perceive
It means; or else we lack a word complete
Enough to set forth clearly what I mean.

Externalize would do, perhaps, as well
And better too, yet it's not broad enough.
A cross between the two, embracing all
That's signified by both, would do, and would
Apply with equal force to matter and
To mind, and both at once. But, of the two,
I'll use the first, elastic quite enough
To serve the end in view.

This world
Is full on every hand, miscalled by me,
Of incarnation,—incarnate God,
Incarnate man, incarnate devil too.
The rocks, the hills, the seas, the stars, the
sun
And moon, the light, the heat, the air, and life
In every form, are traces of the mind
Of God,—his thoughts externalized. They show
His work, his mind, portray his style and taste
And skill, and disposition quite as much.

The ships that sail the mighty seas, the rail
That spans the continent, the cars that roll,
The cities proudly built, electric threads
Of wire, girding earth to move our thoughts

By flash, — all these and thousands more ; the words

We speak, are traces of the mind of man,
His thoughts externalized : they show his work,
And imitate his mind ; they are the man
Lived out, developed by the nerve and will.

The envies, spites, and quarrels, deceits, and crimes,
The murders, suicides, and wars, and sin
Of every sort ; the brandy, wine, and gin,
Tobacco, and ten thousand other things, —
Are traces of the Devil's mind, his thoughts
Externalized. These are the Devil's secret plans
Made manifest.

Thus God and man — not less

The Devil too — are in a race, it would
Appear, each bent on incarnation grand, —
Externalize both new and great.

The heart and soul of each are coming forth
Revealed in things of form and shape, expressed
Or made. In this grand race or enterprise
I came, the Devil's great incarnate son,
To mark hell's grand achievement of all deeds
By far exalted most. Since hell began,

My birth of all events is greatest ; yes,
By many times the chiefest thing of all
My father's mighty works. To earth I came
On mission grand and high and great, if viewed
From devils' stand and aim.

XXVIII. — MY SON, THE SECOND BOSS.

To incarnate
Myself I sought to do, on mighty plan,
On mighty scale. My plan, excelled but by
The sweep of its success, has filled the world
With traces of my mind, with forms to match
My soul in shape. My incarnation was
Too wide, too great, to be confined to one,
A single son : the plan required more,
In number beyond count.

The chiefest of
Them all, the second boss of devils has
Become, although my son, grandson of him
Whose will I do, who rules below. His name
Is Debt. In rank on earth he's next to me.
In crime of different sort, but quite as rich
With spoils for hell, he spends his mighty power.

His royal sway extends to all mankind,
But chiefest felt in the New World. His throne
Is there, and there his form is chiefest seen.

To tell

But one of many deeds of his, by which
He fills the earth with woe, I needs must write
A book for that alone. To separate
The man and wife, is not of small concern
To us: in this he often prospers well.
The home to undermine he seeks. To pull
It down, and scatter all its sacred scenes
Abroad, is his delight to do, and mine
To see it done.

Of all my sons, I love
This one called Debt the best. To him I lend
Most aid, in him I take most pride. If e'er,
As time rolls on, men should subdue my throne
(Which cannot be while time endures), this son
Called Debt, the second boss, must needs succeed
To wear my royal crown, and rule as chief.
He is beloved by better men than I,
And has in human heart far more esteem.
While I compel, coerce, enforce, he wins, —

Ofttimes the better way. But he's restrained
By laws of men, which make his progress slow
At times; while I evade, defy, defeat
The law, and run my course at will.

He gives
Employ to many men, and grades, by ranks
Or class, his help. The first, the highest of
Them all, are lawyers, called by name. This
class

Include the wisest, smartest men of earth.
They plead, in every case, in his behalf,
On legal grounds, and give him greater speed.
Among this class, the best of men, a few,
Above the rest in skill, and versed in law
The most, called judges to define their grade
Of special rank, decide for him.

The grade
Or class below the first is less esteemed
And less revered, but feared somewhat the most.
They go by many names, which people speak
With awe. Constable, sheriff, and police,
In turn they're called. Of other classes I'll
Refuse to speak just now.

Thus held in high
Esteem by best of men, and aided by
Their skill, their laws, he prospers well, well earns
The rank of second boss.

XXIX.—MY SECOND SON, AND BOSS THE THIRD.

My second son is great in being held,
By men, of small account. By this he leads
His victims unobserved. By much unlike
His brother Debt, he seldom works alone,
But mostly pulls in line with my designs.
I often call him roper-in, for short.
Admitted, often, where I cannot go,
He talks of me in due respect, and makes
Me many friends; and later on they call
To see the father, in respect, of course, that's due
The son.

This boss the third is stationed on
The line that leads from me to honest, good,
And sober men, half way between. If he
Succeeds in finding favor at their hands,
He seldom fails to bring them on for my
Embrace. A go-between would be a name

Appropriate indeed, for whom you've called
Tobacco or Cigar. The name I'll leave
Unchanged to suit your taste.

This son, and boss the third,
By climbing slow and sure,— yet not so slow
When we compare success with proper speed,—
Has reached great eminence,— a source, by no
Means small, of revenue for nation and
For state, and merchandise for safe and sure
Investments. Thus he has become and is
An element of power on earth ; in worth
His value next to bread, compared with gold.

My son, this boss the third, is wise and shrewd,
The wisest of my stock in some respects :
His service I could part with little less
Than life. No less the foe of man than I,
Yet less regarded so, he gains no small
Advantage thus. He makes demand for me
By secret work, so well contrived that few
If any e'er suspect his plan. He learns
The child to smoke. This learned, the boy is half
Way learned to drink. And smoking much cre-
ates

A kind of thirst, that nought but rum can full
Supply.

If men would crush the drink, let them
First kill tobacco ; for, should they slay me
And spare my child, but little then is done.
Enough of this.

XXX. — MY CHILDREN AND MY WIFE.

My son called Debt, the second boss, I've spoke
Of at some length ; as also of my son
Tobacco or Cigar, boss third in line
Of devils' rank. These are but two, by no
Means all I have. The others I'll not speak
Of now. Their numbers are too great by far.
Their names, a list of which would more than
fill

This book, I must omit to give ; but chief
Among them are the cards, the chess, the dice,
The keno, faro, and all games of chance,
The race-course, and the bets that win or lose.
All these, a thousand more beside, belong
To me, were born to suit my will and serve
My wish.

My wife, if wife she should be called,
Or wife she is or was to me, of which
I have my doubts, since if I call her wife
I must abridge the term, or make her to
Appear the mother of my children ; but
If as wife she failed in this, then this
Were all. With hand in hand, since I began
My work at first, we've journeyed on as one.
We make a perfect match. Each lacks and needs
What each can give. Her age exceeds my own
By many years ; yet, always young and gay,
It matters not. With us, so well preserved,
The greatest age improves our youth the best.

She shares the rank of boss with me. We reign
Conjointly on a double throne. The crowns
We wear are joined, attached, — an emblem of
The perfect unity of aim and life which we
Embrace. Her queenly robes in royal folds
Entice, attract, and lend a charm by which
I profit much. The millions bowing at
Her shrine and mine are puzzled much to know
Just whom they worship most, or most adore.
A few, and few indeed, embrace my wife,
And turn their backs on me, without respect

Enough to take my hand, or recognize
My rank. A smaller number still make out
To worship me, ignoring her. But all
Mankind, with slight exceptions named, embrace
Us both at once with equal force and love.
The homage paid my wife the queen is much
Improved if warmed by heat of mine ; again,
The service paid to me is much enlarged,
Improved, if gilded by the touch of her
I love.

The world has given many names,
All odd and queer, to designate my queen ;
But one broad term is quite enough to make
It plain : that term is Sensuality.
On her I can depend for ready help,
If help I need. At once both queen and wife,
By some called Lust, she matches every wish
And purpose of my life with counter-plot
So well contrived as to secure success
In every plan. Such is my wife.

XXXI. — FAIR ELSA MEDITATES.

I'll speak more of myself, when farther on.
But meanwhile let us turn again, and bring

The story of fair Elsa's life of love,
And that of Roger's fate, to further issues.

Young Roger turned in rapid haste, and left
The room. The dream fair Elsa told was more
Than he could bear. Out in the morning air
He felt relieved. Alas ! how soon he met
The knowledge of his latest deed abroad !
But let us leave him to his fate a while,
And wait with Elsa in her solemn doubt
And saddest fear.

A woman has a gift
To understand what men would never know
But by their aid. Fair Elsa had this gift
On no mean scale. Her double dream, compared
With double crime, gave fear that would not be
Dismissed. She meditated long and deep ;
Her fear increased by doubt and by suspect
Of whom she could not, would not name.

Her doubts
Gave birth to plan, and plan to bold resolve.
She loved her husband more and more, despite
His faults ; but, woman-like, she wished and longed

To know the cause of dreams which seemed real
Facts. A thought ! had Roger ever known
Poor Nellie Waite, so long since dead ? Perhaps
He had ; and if — what then ? The answer was
Beyond her depth of thought. She did not care
To ask of him without excuse ; excuse
Could not be had.

Bethinking of a trunk

Long since neglected, stored away, unused,
Once kept by Roger ere he wed ; and led
By strange impulse of doubt and fear, she bade
The servant mind the babe, and went in search.
The trunk was locked, which made a double need
Why she should look within. With many keys
She tried and tried : at length one turned the bolt.

XXXII. — ROGER DISSECTING HIS VICTIM'S BODY.

Young Roger scarcely reached his business rooms
Down town, when summoned by the law he stood,
Dissecting-knife in hand, before the corpse
Of pastor Field. The jury wished to make
Post-mortem sure and deep. In order to
This end, the stomach must be taken out,

Its contents then revealed by doctor's test.
This duty to perform, the nearest man
Who practised allopathic school was called,—
And called, as fate would have it done, the man
By whose own hand, in base design, poor Field
Had died.

“ And must I come to this, to cut
The body of my victim, dead,— distort
And mangle him whom I have slain? It is
Too much for me,” said Roger to himself,
Before he drew the knife upon the corpse,
While standing by its side, full face to face
With him so cold in cruel death.

Had I
Not hastened to his aid, the task were far
Too much for Roger's nerve. He drank and drank
Again, and rallied to the work : to fail
In this attempt would put suspicion on
His track. He cut the blackened flesh, made black
By pains of death. The work was worth his life
To do; but by my aid he struggled through
In wretched style,— a style that would have put
The jury on his track, had they not called
It fruits of over-drink.

From evidence
Secured by witnesses and by the test
The doctor made, the verdict came. They one
And all agreed to call it suicide.

Poor Roger washed his hands, but could not make
Them white. The blood for vengeance cried, in
stains

That could not be removed. His head was bowed
In shame, his heart in guilt. His brain reeled
to

And fro, beyond control. Life was not life, —
But aches, and pains, and fears, and doubts, and
shocks,

And fearful expectation of result.

He would that he could die, if dying might
Release him from his woe.

His ruin was
Complete. I laughed with joy, in pride, at all,
And left him to his fate. Why spend my time
On him, a wreck? Fair Elsa I must win
To shame and death, their children unto woe
And shame as well. With this to do, and more,
With all my work outstretching wide as man,

I must leave Roger now ; but taking leave
I'd give him one more call.

XXXIII. — FAIR ELSA'S DISCOVERY.

The trunk I spoke of just before revealed,
When open, much ; but all of no account,
It would appear, until the search was done,
When carelessly her hand disturbed a till :
In this a single letter lay, addressed
In female hand, with Roger's name.

'Twas more
Than she could bear. With woman's mind to
know,
She opened quick, and read ; and thus it ran :—

“ O Roger, come to my relief ! come soon,
I pray. This sin is yours as much as mine,
And more : I fell in your embrace. What will
I do ? You said you knew enough to save
Me from results. In this you failed, or will
Fail soon unless you haste. Prepare, I pray,
Some medicine, in taking which I may
O'ercome the deed you forced me to commit.
I'll call to-morrow eve at five. Please meet

Me at your office-door, and pass the dose
Unseen to me."

In Roger's wild affright,
Excited by his first resolve to give
Her poison, he forgot to burn the note
We just have read, but dropped it in his trunk ;
And there it lay for years untouched, unseen,
Unthought of too.

The note fair Elsa read
Once more. The shock she could not bear. What
it

Revealed, when aided by her dreams, was plain
Indeed. She took her bed, and tried to pray,
But all in vain. The letter she concealed,
Securely hid. The servant tried to soothe
Her mind, console her heart : that, too, was vain :
She only cried the more, and groaned with pain
In greater stress.

At length when Roger came
She said, "*My dream, my dream!* it haunts me
much.
It will not be dismissed. O Roger, tell
Me what it means ! "

“Oh, fudge ! you dream and fret,
And fuss too much. Arise, let’s dine. Shake off
This nightmare ! Come, be ladylike !”

“Alas !
Dear Roger, take your seat upon this stool.
Shut to the door, and let us speak of things
Not safe for other ears to hear.”

He closed
The door at her request, and, trembling like
A leaf from fear, knelt by her side, and asked, —
“What means your strange request ?”

“O Roger ! let
Me ask of you a question hard. Say not
That I am childish in this wish, but grant
Me my request. I long to know !”

“Of course,
My child : ask on. What can it be ? what makes
You tremble thus ? why fear so much ?”

“I fear ?
Why, Roger, you fear more, and tremble more.

Explain the cause of this, I pray: why should
This be?"

"Because your fear excites my own.
Aside from this, I've been dissecting Field's
Cold form, to find the drug from which he died.
It moved my nerves. That's all: ask on."

"Well, tell
Me this: Did you know Nellie Waite, who died
Some years ago, from poison drank,— who died
The night of my first awful dream?"

"I did.
That is, I saw her pass from day to day;
And may have met her once or twice, not more,
At hall or church. But why this question,
pray?"

"O husband; that's not all! Confess the truth,
I pray. My heart is breaking fast. My love
For thee is stronger as I sink: I'll love
Till death; but, ere this monster deed shall
break
My heart, confess to me the truth."

“What truth
Shall I confess? Explain yourself! Be quick!
What mystery hid from me is this that tears
Thy breast? I'll stand suspense no more.”

“Shall you
Confess to me, or I reveal to you
What you already know? Come, husband, tell
The whole to me, your truest friend, your wife.
What secret should you keep from me?”

XXXIV.—I PAUSE, MY WORK REVIEW.

I'm anxious that in giving Elsa's fate,
And telling Roger's end, the reader will
Become informed of me, and how I work
The work of woe and death. In order to
This end, I'll change a while, and speak more of
Myself. Returning soon, we'll bring the tale
Begun to scenes of greater woe.

I'll show
You how I work the work of sin and death.
'Tis easy told, yet hard to understand.
I'm not confined to any place, or time,

Or special form : all times and places are
At my command, all forms and shapes I own.
I work on system well contrived, and well
Arranged, adapted well to human wants
And human weakness. I begin on men
While yet unborn. As God has linked himself
To man by his grand scheme, uniting two —
The natures human and divine — in one,
And giving course for spirit force to flow
From heart of God to heart of man, the last
To warm and bless thereby, — so I by birth
Contrived, by incarnation fixed and done,
Have linked the Devil's heart with heart of man,
And made a track or cord on which may flow
The Devil's spirit from the mint of hell,
Where it is forged to fill the Devil's heart,
To hearts of men ; and, flowing fast and broad
And warm, has well infused the stock of man.
But few can boast complete exception from
My blood. There's scarce a man or maid on
earth
In whose pent veins some drop of blood sur-
charged
With breath of mine, flows not. If not received
By my embrace themselves, they brought it with

Them by their birth, from mother's veins. Thus
man

Has mixed his nature with my own, by hell's
Wise scheme of fiendish incarnation of
My birth before described.

I live and work
Opposed to Christ. He is my foe by birth,
By nature too. We met in conflict sore,
And fought alone. He left me prostrate on
The sands of that wild wilderness in which
He fasted forty days and nights. I rose
Resolved to conquer yet, or, failing this,
To capture half the spoils of earth. We meet,
The two incarnate sons. Our weapons are
The same, only reversed : the truth his sword ;
The lie is mine ; and both are wielded by
A spirit sent.

Men love, embrace us both,
And hate us both. On this we are at par,
With difference yet in favor of my case.
My latest dodge has been to dress in white,
To imitate the saint of God, and, armed
With a physician's recommend, to gain

Admission to the Saviour's ranks. In this
I meet with great success, and push with ease
My trusted subjects in as born of God.

From first to last has been my plan and aim
To follow each design of Christ, my foe,
And meet him everywhere on line with his
Own scheme. He sent forth preachers: so
have I.

He builds and sets a house apart to teach
His way and will: I've ten to one of his.
He bands mankind in circles held in form
By cords of love and fellowship: in this
I more than match him everywhere.

In Boston, Mass., his churches number up
To fifty-five and more. In that same Hub
Mine number thousands nearly three. In this
I am ahead, you see, by far. Again,
The numbers that attend on his are few
Compared with those who come in multitude
To worship at my shrine. But why compare?
If numbers tell, — and count them here on
earth
Or down in hell, — I've far outran my foe.

The fall of Elsa, and of Roger too,
The fate of Nellie Waite, and doom of Field,
Are only sparks that fly from my machine
Which turns out human woe.

XXXV. — POOR ROGER'S CONFESSION.

Young Roger, though by Elsa pressed with tears,
Would not confess, but stoutly met the whole
With cunning artifice. Alas! How soon
His race was run! Suspicion fell on him;
And, e'er he knew the rumor was afloat,
Detectives got the proper thread, and, stitch
By stitch, unravelled back, revealing all
The crime. Young Roger, bound in chains, was
cast

By cruel hands behind unyielding bars
Of iron stout and strong, to try his hand
At prison life, and wait the coming trial.

This gave him time to meditate, to weigh
The case. I sought admission to his cell.
The jailer would not let me in, in form;
And so I sent my spirit, to request
A message stating what, if aught, my hand

Might do. I did this but to mock his woe.
He howled with pain.

The trial soon came on.
I stood in high esteem with judge, and with
The counsel for the state, and for the man
Arraigned. The jury, all but one, were friends
Of mine. By this good fortune I was asked
To take a seat beside the judge. I did,
And was in greatest measure entertained.

The trial was short : the counsel finished soon ;
The jury all agreed that he commit
The crimes, and, thus believing, said through one
Who's styled foreman : " Guilty ! "

The judge pronounced, with great effect on all
Who heard : " Young Roger, you have sinned
against
The majesty of law, and you must hang
Until you die. May God have mercy on
Your soul ! "

Young Roger wept, then nerved himself
To die. The fatal day soon came. With rope

Around his neck, he stood about to take
The last long leap, or plunge, that leads to hell ;
So full of me, he could not, would not, yield
To God's demands, and bow repentant at
His feet. He held out stubborn to the last,
Or nearly so. But just before the rope
Was cut, before the scaffold fell, they asked
Him what he wished to say. His lips began
To move and jerk by wild emotion's wave.
He stammered out,—

“All men who hear or read,
Give ear to me : I have a right to speak.
My life to-day I give in answer for
My crime. 'Tis just ; but, oh that this were all !
I give my soul to hell, to suit the law
Divine : that is far worse. The crime for which
I die, with which I'm charged, I did through ill
Advice. I owe it all to drink : 'twas wine
And whiskey led me on. Had I not heard
To these, then I were free. Beware, take heed
And warning by my life ; avoid strong drink.
To touch it is to die. To this cold world
I leave my children dear, and wife who loved
Me far too well. To God I would commend

Their lives. Oh, may they never meet the one
They loved on earth, beyond the tide of death !
But find a home beyond, above the land
Of endless woe to which I haste, — a home
With God. Again, beware of drink ! Good-by ! ”

The scaffold fell ; Young Roger struggled once,
And died, and passed beyond the bounds of time
To pay the debt a murderer owes.

XXXVI. — WORSE THAN ALL.

To pull fair Elsa down was most my aim.
That Roger fell, I could rejoice ; but joy
For me was incomplete while Elsa lived
From sin. Her woe at Roger’s loss was no
Small satisfaction : yet to see her thus
O’ercome, subdued, was not enough. I gained
In this. She came forth as a bride, all fair
And pure, beloved, esteemed, and good. To-day,
From deeds of mine, she stood a wreck in mind,
A widowed slave to public odium.
Once sought to grace and lend attraction to
The grandest entertainments of the rich ;
But now, alas ! evaded by the high ;

And shunned by those, beneath her real worth
By far, she bent beneath my rod.

There were
A few who sympathized, and came with hearts
And hands to spread the down of sacred love
And fellowship along her thorny way.
But these were they who hate the sight and name
Of me ; the few whom I have failed to bring
Beneath my rod, whom my grand Foe has caught
To fill the gospel net. I long in wish,
And work in wise design, to conquer these ;
But all in vain. And yet, why fret for these ?
I have the most by far !

There's one last way
To win a case, with me, which seldom fails.
I move the multitude with dark suspect
Of him or her whose life I seek to win
For hell. There's nought so hard as to be
thought,
By honest folks, the friend to vice, the foe
To good ; to be thought guilty of a crime
From which you'd shrink with holy fear and shame.
This mood breeds thirst for drink ; nay, more, a
thirst

To leave the good, by which it falsely seems
You are despised, and take the wrong by which
You are embraced. 'Twas plan like this by which
I caught the reverend Field. 'Twas plan like this
By which I sought to ruin her, whose lord
I led to blackest death before.

Two months,
And scarcely that, had passed, when Elsa saw
A strange neglect in all her friends. They came
Seldom, and merely called to say "good-day,"
And leave. Her heart, already well-nigh broke,
Could ill put up with this. She must have one
Or two true friends to lean upon, or sink.

To those who still remained her friends professed,
She spoke her grief out plain,— a grief well-nigh
Despair: "*What have I done? What have I done,*
That all should treat me thus? That God would
take

The children and myself to him!" In this
Complaining way, despairing mood, she plead
For consolation, help, or sympathy.

But none of these they gave. No: poisoned with
Suspicion's breath, they smote and blessed at once
With either hand. They said,—

“ Dear friend, beloved,
Forsaken one, thy children and thyself
Need care and love ; and both we bring, in full
Supply to give. But tell us first, hast thou
Contrived and played a part with him in crime,
To aid thy husband on ? Didst thou assist
Or plan in either crime ? Or art thou free
And innocent ? Prove which of these thou art,
And clear thyself of foul report, or prove
It true. If pure and good, as we suppose,
While many more deny, then count on us :
If not, we leave thee to thy doom.”

’Twas quite
Enough. Poor Elsa screened her face from view,
Reclining motionless ; and made but one
Reply,—her moans. They hit on these as proof
Of guilt ; and colder grew, and bolder spake,
Demanding explanation.

“ Yes, ’tis hard.
If thou hast sinned, or helped thy husband on,
Then fail not to expect the grief, its sure
Result ; and bitter woe, reward of crime.
But answer, else thy moans we must infer
To mean a wail of guilty grief.”

'Twas hard,
Indeed, — too hard to bear. Poor Elsa moaned
Again, — a requiem of woe, — and that
Was all. She answered not a word.

Her friends
Began to fear. One bent herself beside
Poor Elsa's couch, and whispered words of
hope.
The words were heeded not. The ear for which
They came was closed to all without, that all
Within might best be heard. This was an hour
Of great solemnity.

The girl and boy
Clung to the mother's skirts, in tears. The girl,
The younger of the two, with sunny curls
Just budding out, cried, "Ma, ma, take me up!"
And reached its little hands in attitude
Of earnest pleading. But the boy, somewhat
More grown, had sense of shame and fear, he
knew
Not why; and hid his face, and cried aloud.
To all the sinking mother answered with
Repeated moans, as dying from despair.

Of all the devils I am boss. Of this
I spake before ; and this you now may see
In horrid order of display. To add
Or multiply a woman's grief, a wife's
Despair, a mother's woe, is that in which
I prove my title to my special rank.
All other grief but mine may be withstood.
But that which I contrive will break the best
Of human hearts ; will disarrange and craze
The best of human minds.

By grief like this
I slay those whom I cannot win, destroy
Those whom I cannot prostitute, or bring
To degradation. And with grief like this
I captured Elsa, by a plan as wise
As black.

XXXVII.—FAIR ELSA'S DEED, OR MINE.

When left alone, fair Elsa rose, and closed
The windows down, and shut the doors. She took
The youngest child of two, a little girl
But one year old, and clasped it to her breast ;
Then held it up to God, and bade him claim

His own. In frantic mien, she pressed her boy
The same. Then from a secret till she took
The fatal phial, (obtained we'll mind not where),
And mixed a dose for each.

 This done, she knelt
And prayed : " My God, who knoweth all
My woe, hear thou my prayer. I'm guilty of
No crime, yet crime is in my heart, and crime
I mean to do. My grief has reached a pitch
I cannot bear. For me to live is shame.
 Reared by a holy mother's hand, I grew
To love the right, and hate the wrong. By some
Sad fate, I loved a man who loved the cup :
That love has sealed my doom. A widow of
A murderer, suspected too of crime
Myself, I cannot longer live. I raise
My hand to cut the thread that binds my life
To earth. Oh, grant this as thy will ! To leave
My children here, alas ! I never can :
I'll take them hence with me to thee ; and, one
In either hand, I shall appear. Forgive
If this is sin or crime : to me it seems
The right. If wrong, if sin enough to shut
Me out from God, then take the children home ;

And send me down to join him whom I loved
On earth, and, while I have this heart, must love
In all the ages yet to come, in earth
Or hell or heaven. If he must suffer there
For evermore, to pay for crimes strong drink
Induced him to commit, then, if I am
To choose, give me my lot with him ; but take
The children to thyself. Amen !”

This prayer—

If prayer it was — completed, Elsa rose,
And sat herself to write the world a last
Farewell.

“ Adieu, cold, cruel world ! Farewell !
I leave to-day, and take those whom I claim
A right to take,— my girl and boy. To save
Them from such grief as I have met, is cause
Enough, excuse enough, for this. To give
A reason further for the deed against myself,
Would be to speak against accusers whose
Vile accusations make my grief as hard
To bear, as they are false. I die as free
From crime, except the crime which ends
My life and theirs I bore, as infant child.

Those who suspect me of complicity
With crimes which proved my husband's death, I
charge
As guilty of all crime which I commit.
God bless my ma and pa, and all the friends
At home,— a home once dear, yet dear, but which
I cannot mar by presence such as mine.
I bid that home, and this, and all the world,
Adieu ! ”

This note she left where all who came
Would see and read. She dressed the little girl
For bed, and gave the dose in full supply,
Just after prayers were said. The boy was next
Prepared ; and, taking his, was placed beside
The girl. The mother drank the portion left,
Intended for herself, and took her place
Between the girl and boy, with head of one
On either arm. In triune sleep they fell,
To wake no more in time.

* * *
XXXVIII. — CONCLUSION.

To estimate
The crime and woe I bring to man each year,

Just multiply the whole that I have said
Throughout the pages of this little book,
Five million times. The sum of this will fall
Below true estimate of yearly gain
To hell, from earth, by work of mine. To find
The total sum of all I've done to man
Since I began, increase or multiply
The whole a thousand times or more, and still
The half is yet untold.

If man were rid
Of me, the earth would be a paradise.
Nine-tenths of all the ills, of all the woes,
That men inflict, would disappear, were I
Dismissed. To rid the earth of me would be
To conquer hell, to put an end to plans
My father fitly makes. It can't be done !
I challenge all mankind, the angels, and
Their God, to drive me from the earth.

The law,

As made by men, has tried to prohibit
My stay with them. A farce indeed ! I can
Defy all men, all law, all powers, all states,
And nations too. Not God himself has yet

Contrived a way — or if, his way is yet
Untried — to put me down. I live, and work
My work of death, defiant to all law
And God.

A few, called temperance men, — a lot
Of sorry fools, — assail my throne with blast
Of trumpet to attract, with pledge and law,
To bind them back from sin, and me from deeds
Of crime. Their cause is good enough, — the best
Of all but one except. But by a plan
Contrived and put in force by me, the cause
Has been disgraced by men below its rank.
So much is this the case, that men of means
And rank of honor, or of name, evade
A place amid their ranks, and keep silent
Concerning me, which means for me to thrive.

The temperance work, so called, has aims all right,
But fails in wisdom to attain the right
It seeks. Its plans are slim, unpopular,
And weak. The men who seek to execute
These plans are not the men for any work,
Except a very few. They've left the church
Of God because they could not lead or speak and
pray

The most ; and sought another field in which
Their talents to display. In this they make
The most of what they have the least. They do
More harm than good, "excepting here and there
A man," more good than harm to me. These stand
Between all danger and my throne.

Would men succeed
In driving me from earth, let me suggest
The plan. If wisdom such as mine has won
The race this far, may not the same contrive
A way to overthrow itself? Since all
The efforts of all time, or nearly so,
Against my crown have failed, I'll condescend,
Myself, to tell what must be done to win
In fight when I oppose. It may seem strange,
That I impart advice against myself :
It only seems. Advice against myself
Will do no harm except you heed ; and heed
You never will.

I must be fought by man,
Assisted by his God, this way, if he
Would win : The army must divide in two,
A right wing and a left,— the right, the Church ;

The left, the world. I am a foe alike
To Christian, Jew, and Gentile. Hence the
Church

And man without the Church, should stand against
My arms. The first, the Church, must take a step
Of bold resolve, and make the pledge to keep,
A test of membership. While Christians drink
Without expulsion from the ranks of God,
No hope is left to rid the world of me.

The second step the world must take, and form
The army's strong left wing. It must provide
A place, a time, a plan, at which, by which,
The young, in social interchange of thought
And word, may meet, and spend their leisure hours.
Mankind was made for intercourse, as well
For fellowship. Man cannot live alone.
The sexes are alike in this. To meet
Each other often here, and talk and laugh
And joke, is simple nature working out
Its grand designs.

I come to meet and cheer
The stranger on his way, and find him friends.
There's not a day of time in which, because of me,
A thousand do not meet who never met

Before. I place their hands in mutual grasp,
And call their names, and recommend their style.
The Church of God is cold; not by design
Of God, but fault of men. Here people go,
And starve for social bread, and turn away
As from the chamber of the dead. They seek
A place of smiles, of freely flowing words,
Of kind remark, advice, and cheer. Do I
Not furnish this, and more?

Let him who would
Die great in name, excel in deed of good
For man, contrive a mighty plan, divine
A mighty scheme, by which, in village or
In town or city great or small, the young,
And all who wish, may meet at will, at rooms
And hall, where all amusements, sports, and fun
Will give a bloom to health, and strength to mind,
And wholesome cheer to every heart. Divide
Or classify the whole, and make a place
Where both the sexes, on a common plane,
May share each other's inspiration. It
Is lack of such a place, that makes demand
For me. Until the world can give the joys
That I impart, the world will drink for joy
Which turns to pain. Not one in ten who drink,

But feel its wrong ; yet do they drink the less ?
Nay, but the more. Then give a reason why
They drink at all ! Just here your wisdom fails,
And here I will explain. Men drink, as rule,
To find a cheer, to feel a joy, to think
In hope, that liquor gives : that's why. They do
Not stop to think or care about results.
Now furnish, if you can, a fellowship
Enriched by melody, whate'er you will,
To take my place, and I'll resign and quit.
But until then the world wants me, and could
Not well dispense with what I give ; though what
I give is worse than death.

Young man or maid, whoever reads, take heed
From what I say. Beware of me ! If young,
Then all the more evade my path. Of those
Who learn to drink in youth, by far the most
Succeed in reaching woe, or early death.
A few may drag their lives to ripe old age,
But not the less to waste. No man is safe
Who drinks. No man is wise who drinks. To
drink

Is to support a work of death ; to help
The man who seeks to ruin you. With this

I'll dry my pen, and write no more. You have
My first attempt to write a book : it's long
Enough, and bad enough, but not so bad
As I. Thus saying, reader, I withdraw,
And bid adieu, but leave my card. Keep this :
You yet may wish to call on me, to quench
Your wicked thirst. If so, and you have cash,—
But not unless,— I'll entertain you well
With wine, or what is better still,— but which
I cannot call by name without offence.
I don't advise a call, but rather warn
You not to come : yet all the same, and more,
You'll come, and taste, and sin, and die at last
In shame. Please keep this card, in case you lose
Your way. I write it plain :—

THE BOSS DEVIL,— KING ALCOHOL.

POSTSCRIPT.

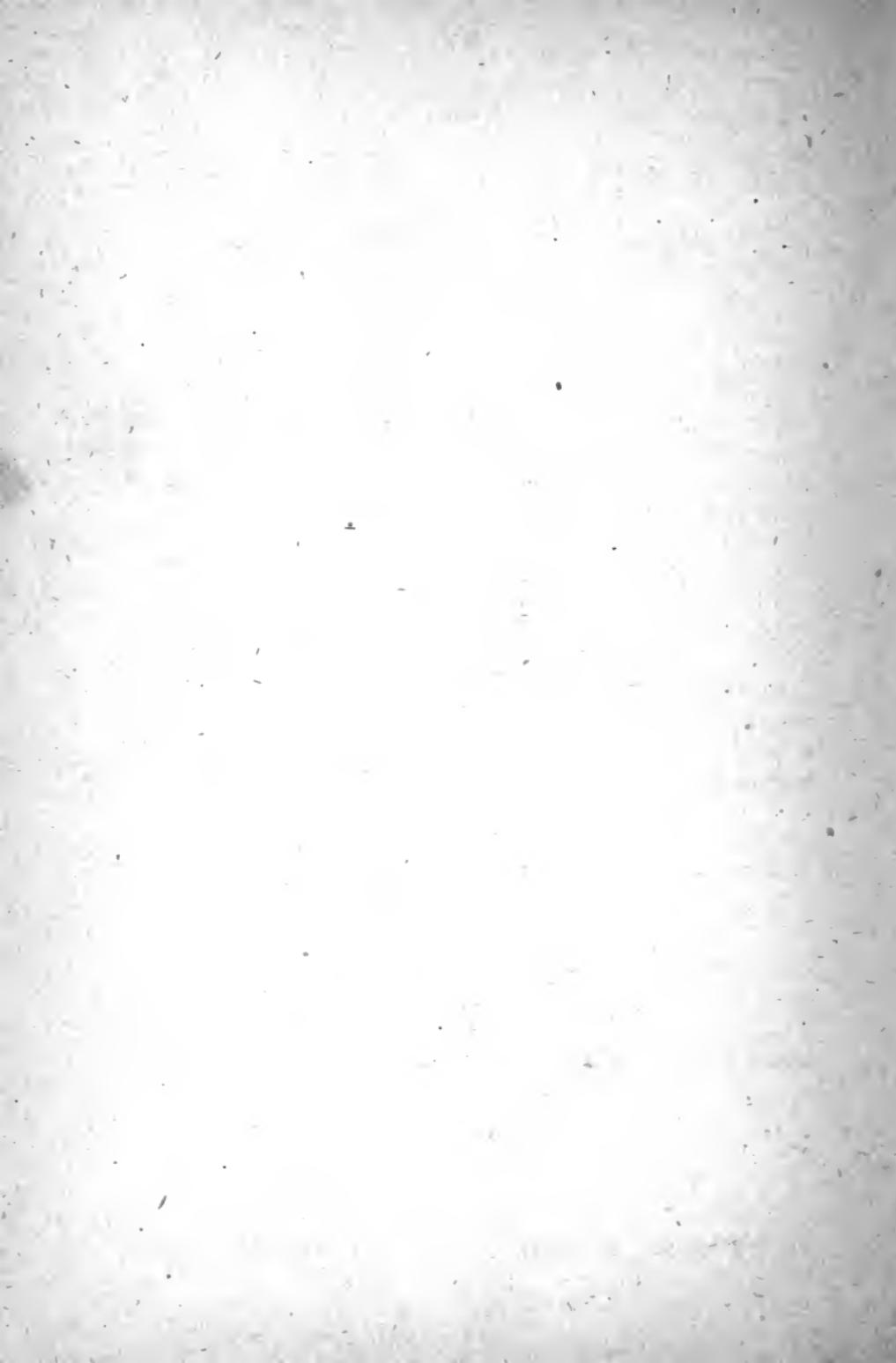
DEAR reader, have you heard the story of that Italian artist, who, meeting with a child of exquisite beauty, wished to preserve its features for fear he should never see such loveliness again? So he painted the charming face upon the canvas, and hung it upon the wall of his studio. In his somberest hours, that sweet, gentle countenance was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest aspirations. "If ever I find," he said, "a perfect contrast to that beauteous face, I will paint that also, and hang them side by side, an ideal of Heaven and Hell." Years passed. At length in a distant land he saw, in a prison he visited, the most hideous object he ever gazed upon, — a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes, and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The

artist remembered his vow, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome form, to hang beside the portrait of the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect: his dream was realized; the two poles of the moral universe were before him. What was the surprise of this artist, on inquiry into the history of this horrid wretch, to find he was once that lovely little boy! Both of these pictures, the angel and the demon of the same soul, now hang side by side in a Tuscan gallery.

Kind reader, you need not travel to a foreign gallery to see the transforming power of drink, and its attendant vices upon the body. That brazen-faced, wanton-looking wretch of womanhood was once a sweet, modest little girl, who blushed at the slightest indelicate allusion. That obese, bloated, brandy-burnt visage was once a joyous-hearted boy. I need not ask what strange alchemy has wrought this bestial transformation. They have been in the hard battles of appetite and lust, and carry the marks of their warfare. In the basement-cells of inebriety, and saloons of licentiousness, many youthful forms are sitting for their portraits. The demon artists of lust and intemperance are gradually moulding them into fiends. You may, young reader,

steal secretly into these hells of inebriety and harlotry. Your kind parents and friends may not suspect your waywardness, but your "sin will find you out." Vice cannot long remain concealed: the soul has no place to hide it. Soon the foul flame, through some rent or fissure of the body, will find expression.

Strong drink is the one great curse of America, of the world. Young lady, shun the wine-cup as you would a serpent; and fall not into the hands of the young man that loves his glass, lest you are bruised by his fall. Shun liquor, and you will shun three-fourths of all the ills of human life.



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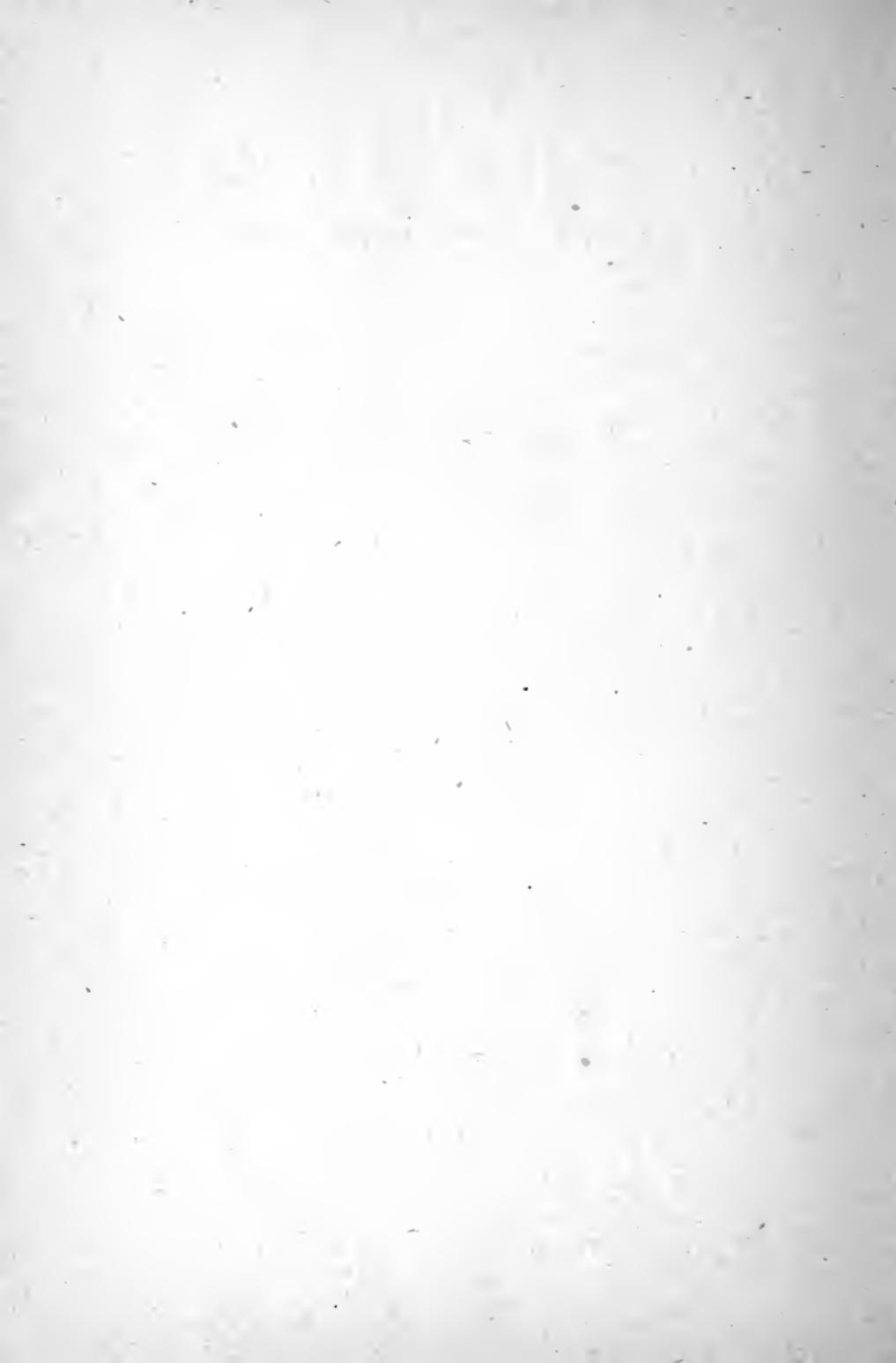
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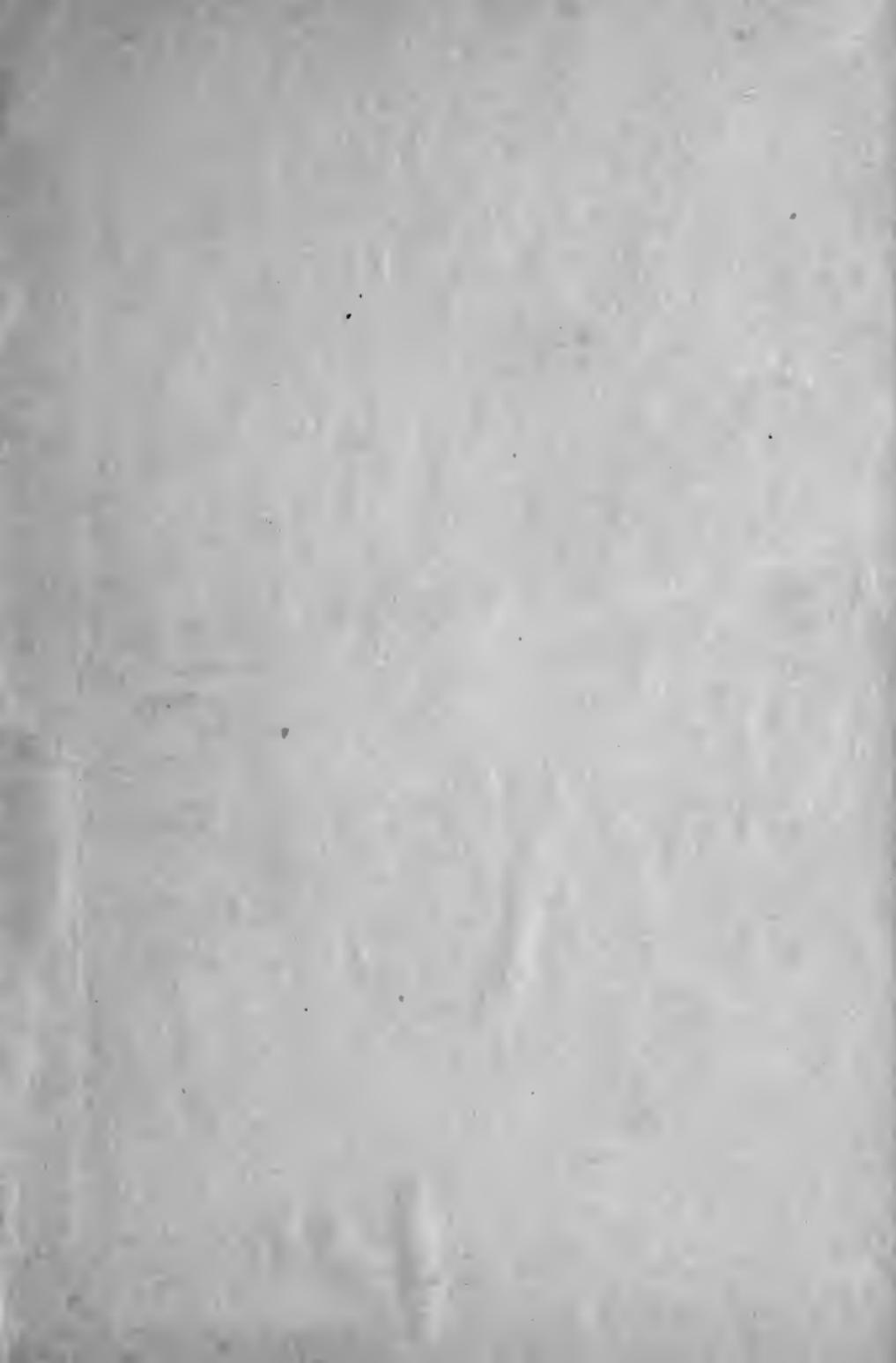
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